

*The Historie of*

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be handg. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hal, a plague vpon you both. Bardoll, Peto, Ile starue e're Ile rob a foote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true man, and to leaue these rogues; I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground is threescore and ten miles afoote with me: and the stonie hearted villaines knowe it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot bee true one to another.

*They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horse, you rogues, giue me my horse and be hangd.

*Prince* Peace ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fals.* Haue you any leavers to lift me vp againe being downe? zbloud ile not beare mine owne flesh so farre afoote againe, for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prince* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncoltd.

*Fals.* I prethee good prince Hal, helpe me to my horse, good kings sonne.

*Prince* Out you rogue, shal I be your Osler

*Fals.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sacke be my poison: when jeast is so forward, and afoote too, I hate it,

*Enter Gadshill.*

*Gad.* Stand. *Fals.* So I do against my will.

*Poynes* O tis our setter, I know his voyce: *Bardol* what newes?

*Bar.* Case yee, case yee, on with your vizardes, theres money of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the kings exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie you rogue, tis going to the kings Tauerne.

*Gad.* Theres enough to make vs all.

*Fals.* To be hangd.

*Prince* You foure shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poynes and I will walke lower: if they scape from your encoun-

*Henrie the fourth.*

ter, then they light on vs.

*Peto:* But how many be they of them?

*Gad:* Some eight, or ten.

*Fals:* Zounds, will they not rob vs?

*Prince* What! a coward sir *Iohn* Pawnch?

*Fals:* Indeepe I am not *Iohn* of *Gant* your grandfather, no coward, Hal.

*Prince* Well, weele leaue that to the prooffe.

*Poynes* Sirra lacke, thy horse standes behinde the horse thou needst him, there thou shalt find him: farewell, &

*Fals.* Now cannot I strike him if I should be hangd

*Prince* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poynes* Here hard by, stand close.

*Fals:* Now my maisters, happy man be his dole, for man to his businesse. *Enter the Trauellers*

*Trauel:* Come neighbor, the boy shall leade our horse the hill, weele walke afoote a while, and ease our legges

*Theeues* Stand. *Trauel.* Iesus blesse vs

*Fals.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines horse on caterpillers! Bacon-fed knaues, they hat downe with them, fleece them.

*Trauel:* O, we are vndone, both we and ours, for

*Fals:* Hang ye goi bellied knaues, are ye vndone? chuffes, I would your store were here: on bacons, on knaues? young men must lue, you are grand jurors, a weele iure yee yfaith. *E*

*Here they rob them, and binde them: Enter the Prince and Peines.*

*Prince* The theeues haue bound the true men: thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London be argument for a weeke, laughter for a moneth, and a for cuer.

*Poynes* Stand close, I heare them comming.

*Enter the theeues againe.*

*Fals:* Come my masters, let vs share, and then to home day: and the Prince and Poynes be not twoo arrand theres no equitie stirring, theres no more valour in them than in a wilde ducke.